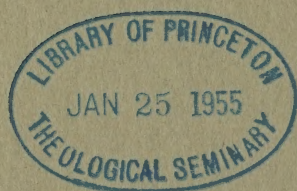


C. Leonard Woolley

Archeology, the Mirror
of the Ages.

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ARCHEOLOGY, THE MIRROR OF THE AGES

Our Debt to the Humble Delvers in the Ruins at Carchemish and at Ur

✓
BY C. LEONARD WOOLLEY

DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY OF
PENNSYLVANIA TO MESOPOTAMIA

FIELD archeology is a science with many sides.

The visitor to an archeological exhibition sees only the objects and knows nothing of the way in which they were got out of the ground or of the various processes through which they may have gone before they were fit to be put in a glass case.

The reader of an archeological report must find it hard to realize on what a mass of detail, sometimes intangible detail, each conclusion is based and how much manual labor went to its making.

Neither the one nor the other thinks at all of the multifarious jobs which occupy no small part of the field worker's time—the organization of the expedition, the purchasing of stores, the choice of tools, the photography, the medical care of the men, the accounts and pay sheets, even the question of language.

THE MAN WITH THE PICK IS THE ACTUAL
DISCOVERER

I have often been asked whether I do all the digging with my own hands, and the questioner has been surprised to learn that I employ anywhere from a hundred to three hundred men.

Perhaps we archeologists are ourselves to blame, and in our anxiety to tell of our results have failed to do justice to the laborers who work for us; but on them must depend in no small degree the success of our excavations.

However careful may be the supervision, it is, after all, the man with the pick or spade who actually discovers the bulk of the objects concealed in the earth; if he is stupid or clumsy, the object may be overlooked or broken; if he is dishonest, it may never come to the sight of the archeologist directing the work; and if he be simply indifferent, thinking only of his day's wage and not at all of the inter-

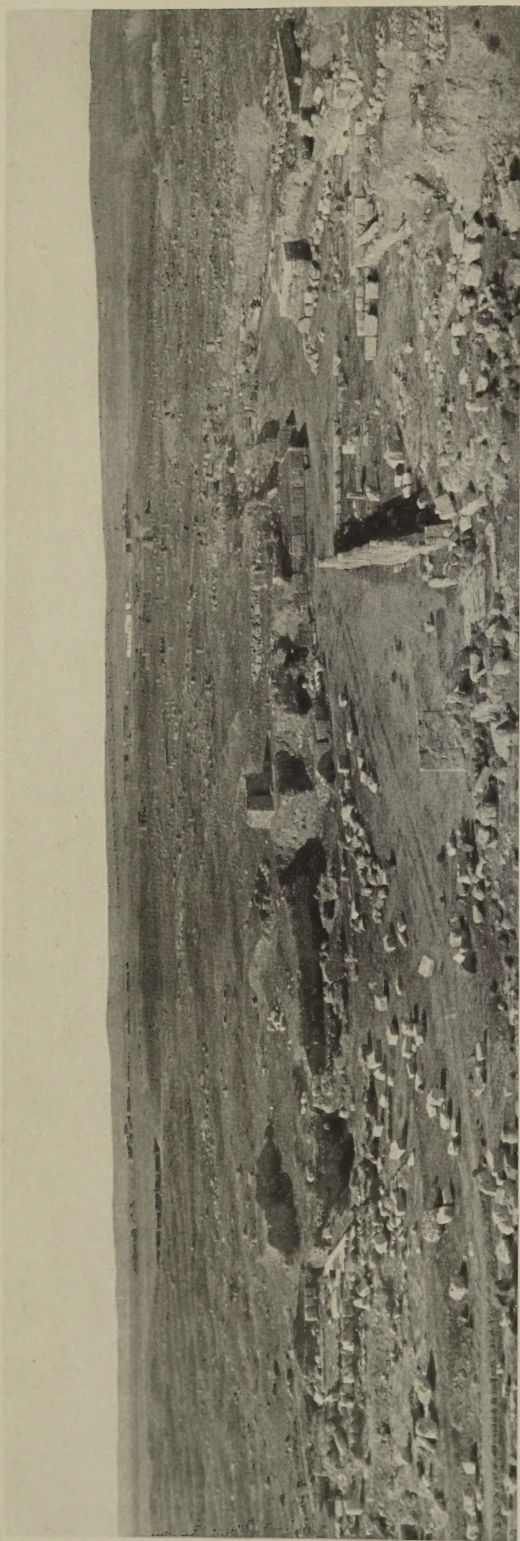
ests of the dig, he may do irreparable damage to the science of archeology, removing before they have been noted remains whose association is of prime importance, destroying floor levels, cutting through mud brick walls, obliterating the evidence on which history ought to have been built up.

It is essential, therefore, not only to train the gang to careful and skillful labor, but to waken their intelligence and to inspire them with a certain degree of interest in the work itself, at least to make each responsible man proud of doing the thing as it ought to be done.

This is the justification of the "baksheesh" system, whereby a man receives, over and above his wage, a reward for everything he finds. To find a thing does give a sense of proprietorship, and the reward recognizes this psychological fact and so encourages honesty; it insures care, for an object broken by the workman brings in no baksheesh, and it can be extended to cover good work as well as good discoveries. The archeologist has his scientific satisfaction in success, the workman has his satisfaction of a more material sort, but springing from the same event; so that there is a feeling of fair play.

But the baksheesh alone is not enough. It is essential to really good work, but it will not by itself assure it; there must exist in the gang some more altruistic motive if they are to do their very best, and this accounts for the difference which in my experience makes the Arab so much better a digger than the Egyptian. The latter never seems able to rise above the mere money consideration; the Arab adds to this a natural intelligence, a genuine loyalty to the people he likes, and a sense of humor.

A great deal must depend on the native foreman, the link between the alien em-



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

ALL THAT REMAINS NOW OF CARCHEMISH, ONCE THE PROUDEST CITY OF THE HITTITES

Very magnificent must Carchemish have been when its sculptures were gay with color; when the sunlight glistened on its enameled walls and its somber brick was overlaid with panels of cedar and plates of bronze; when the plumed horses rattled their chariots along its streets, and the great lords, with long embroidered robes and girdles of black and gold, passed in and out of the carved gates of its palaces.

ployer and the men. I was lucky enough at Carchemish to inherit from Hogarth the ideal foreman, Mohammed ibn Sheik Ibrahim, or, as he is generally called, Hamoudi.

HOW HAMOUDI BECAME A FOREMAN

Hogarth had brought with him Gregori, a Cypriote Greek famous among archeologists in the Near East, a foreman of more than fifty years' standing, who had dug in Cyprus and at Knossos, Ephesus, Smyrna, and Egypt. Gregori, enrolling the gang, called in as a none too willing recruit Hamoudi, strong and fierce-looking, with a straggly reddish beard. "Give me red men," said the old Greek, "for such have hot hearts."

A few days later Hogarth and Gregori, watching the men at work, summoned Hamoudi and made him Arab foreman. The other men were furiously jealous, the Turkish inspector not less angry because the choice had been made without reference to himself and he had therefore lost the chance of securing a "rake-off" on the new foreman's pay. So for a time there were plots and cabals which made Hamoudi's life a burden and even induced him to resign.

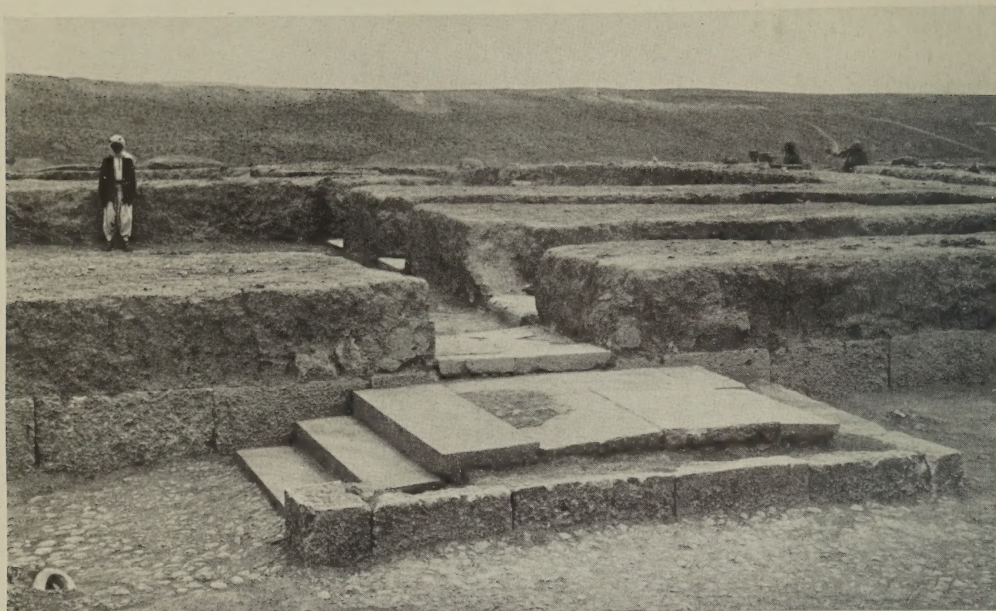
Hogarth had the Turk removed, and Hamoudi, astonished at getting such support, held to his job and more than made good. He was devoted to Gregori and profited eagerly by the old man's experience. Realizing that a good fore-



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

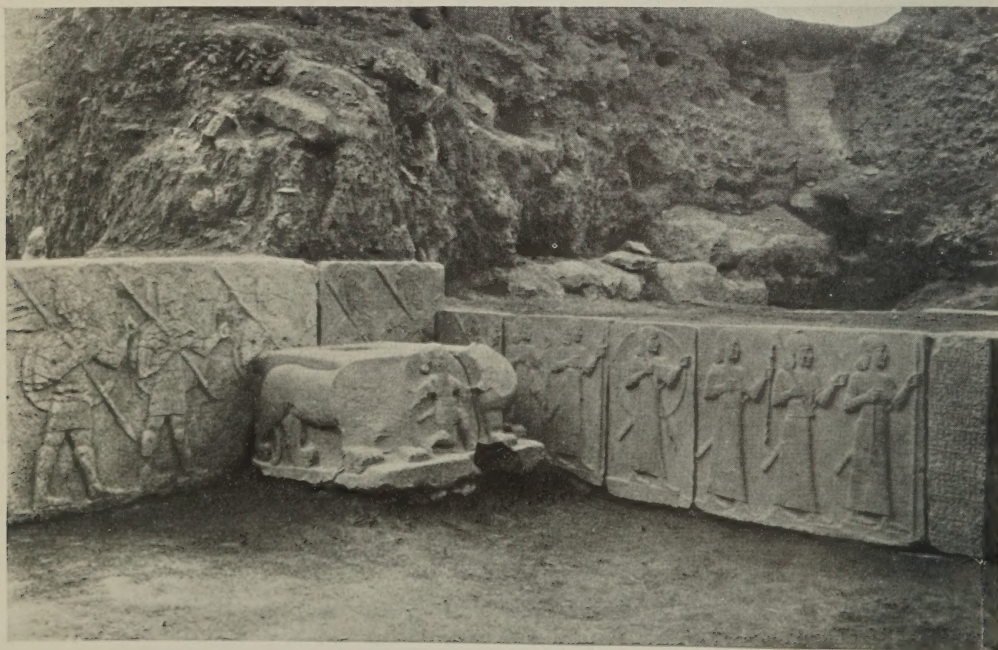
DELVERS AT WORK ON THE SITE OF CARCHEMISH A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THE WORLD WAR STOPPED THEIR ACTIVITIES

Four hours northeast of Aleppo by way of the Baghdad Railway, on a promontory between the Euphrates and a small tributary stream, is the site of Carchemish, where the record of 4,000 years of history, of sieges, and of changing populations is found in a rubble heap 20 feet thick, and below this extends the record of prehistoric centuries yet to be revealed. Before the author could unearth the Hittite ruins on this spot, he was forced to pry away the debris of the Roman city of Europus.



WHERE THE AUTHOR UNEARTHED THE DRAMATIC RECORD OF A BATTLE
WITHOUT QUARTER

In excavating this front door and porch of a villa at Carchemish the archeologist found parts of many weapons of Babylonian and Egyptian origin and other relics proving that the troops of Nebuchadnezzar and those of Pharaoh Necho of Egypt clashed at this spot (see text, page 221).



Photographs by C. Leonard Woolley

SCULPTURED FIGURES FROM HITTITE PALACE WALLS

This Carchemish panel shows the army, headed by seven officers, returning from afield to be welcomed by the king (see illustration, page 215). In the corner is the broken, lion-supported base of a statue to the God Hadad (see page 213).

man ought to be able to read and write, he attended the village school held by the local sheik, disregarding the mockery of the villagers and of the small boys with whom he sat to learn; above all, he recognized the meaning and the value of honesty.

AN HONEST MAN IN A LAND HONEYCOMBED WITH CORRUPTION

The East is honeycombed with corruption. A post of authority depends for its worth on the opportunities it gives for making money by bribery and extortion, and while the judge or the governor of a province deals in large sums, the ordinary foreman of a laboring gang is paid to put a man on the work, paid a percentage of his wages to keep him on, paid to let him absent himself without the absence figuring on the muster-roll; and, since he looks for his profits to those under him, he must needs humor them and wink at slackness or bad work.

Hamoudi has never taken a penny from anyone, and this almost unique virtue has not only won him a reputation which has gone far afield, but has given him a moral ascendancy over the men, based partly on respect and partly on genuine affection, which puts him in a class by himself.

In 1912 Hamoudi was only at the start of his career, with much to learn, both on the moral and on the practical side; but he had seen the possibilities of his position and was grimly determined to make the most of them. With him as junior foreman and Gregori as chief, I was well provided; my only English assistant was T. E.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A KURD PICKMAN WHO UNEARTHED ONE OF THE GREATEST HITTITE FINDS EVER DISCOVERED

Lawrence,* who also had worked for one season under Hogarth.

MEDIATION AND JUSTICE IN CARCHEMISH

Carchemish was in those days a wild country, where every man was more or less a law to himself, and the peaceful occupation of the archeologist was likely to be interrupted rudely at any moment.† Once the village sheik came hurriedly to the dig and, drawing Lawrence aside, begged him to put one Yasin ibn Hussein into a place of safety, as in a few minutes two brothers,

*Afterward to win fame during the World War for his work in organizing the Arabs for their revolt in the desert.—EDITOR.

† I have described some of these interruptions in my book, "Dead Towns and Living Men."



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

HAMOUDI AT CARCHEMISH STANDS BY THE GREAT STONE WHICH HE REPLACED IN ITS POSITION (SEE TEXT, PAGE 219)

The Baghdad Railway, begun by the Germans nearly 30 years ago, links Europe to ancient Assyria. Railway trains rumble now past ruined Carchemish, in the land which through the centuries echoed to the tread of Alexander, of invading Egyptians, of iconoclastic Babylonians.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A GREAT MOMENT IN HITTITE EXCAVATION

When whole rows of inscribed or sculptured slabs of alternate black basalt and white limestone were unearthed at Carchemish, excitement among the Arab diggers rose to frenzy. Volleys of revolver shots would greet such discoveries (see text, page 217).

also workmen of ours, would be after his life.

Yasin was taken up to our house and there an inquiry was held. It appeared that the two brothers, Kurds, had a sister, and that morning before coming to work had discussed the prospect of marrying her to some suitable *parti*. After they had left the house the girl had flung herself on the ground in front of her mother and declared that she would marry Yasin or not marry at all.

So shameless a confession of preference on the part of a girl, who ought not to have any preference at all, was more than sufficient warrant for killing the man—in fact, that was the only way to wipe out the stain on the family honor; and indeed within ten minutes the Kurdish brothers, duly informed by a zealous friend of what had happened, were looking for Yasin, revolver in hand.

It was up to us to maintain peace on the work, but in this case it proved no easy task. The negotiations dragged on spasmodically for three days, and even then the Kurds went back on their word and refused our proposal of a cash settlement, stating that it must have the sanction of the tribal sheik, which we both declared to be wholly irregular. The sheik was called in and agreed with us that he had no right to intervene, but since he was invited to do so he confirmed our judgment and himself kept half of the money allotted to the brothers as a punishment for wrongful appeal!



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

THIS HITTITE JINNI STILL HAD POWER TO STRIKE TERROR TO THE MEN WHO DUG HIM UP

"He is the God of Thunder," the whimsical archeologist Lawrence told the Arab workers, in order to make them handle the idol with more care. Even the doubters were frightened into conviction that night when the scientists suddenly set off a flashlight to get a photograph and terrified the superstitious people of Jerablus, the Syrian town on the Euphrates near the site of ancient Carchemish (see text, page 214).

By the gate of one of the palaces of the ancient city we had found a black stone statue of a god seated upon lions. When it was unearthed the lions were intact, but the god lay on the pavement in fragments, and we had spent some time fixing these together with cement. Scarcely had the squat and brutal figure been completed when the sky clouded and a shower began. Fearing for the still wet cement, I told Lawrence to put something over the statue to protect it.



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

THIS FRAGMENT REVEALED A WHOLE CHAPTER OF HISTORY

The Ionian shield with Gorgon's head and running animals was dropped by a Greek mercenary in the battle at Carchemish between Nebuchadnezzar and Necho, king of Egypt (see text, page 221).

Lawrence picked out from the heap of men's clothes the richest cloak that he could see and, coming solemnly forward, draped it with great ceremony round the shoulders of the god.

ESTABLISHING THE SUPERHUMAN POWERS OF THE HITTITE "JINNI"

At once the men were on the alert. From the outset they had felt a little bit uneasy about this jinnlike monster that had risen up from the depths of the earth. If the English, who knew so much, paid it such respect, surely it was something more than a block of stone.

Lawrence gathered what was in the men's minds and, since he could never resist the chance of a practical joke, told them, as was probably true, that this was the Hittite version of the Thunder God (the Hadad of the Aramæans) and advised them to keep a lookout on its doings at night.

No villager cared to pass across the ruins of Carchemish after dark, for it was haunted ground, and none would have dared at such a time to come down into the excavated area where stood the sculptured stones; but that night watchers from a safe distance were horrified to see great



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF CARCHEMISH GOES OUT TO MEET THE VICTORIOUS ARMY

The royal children are represented twice on the same slab: above, they march soberly in procession; in the lower panel they are seen tossing knuckle bones and playing whip-top. The queen or nurse brings up the rear, carrying the baby and leading a pet animal at the end of a string. Even the pet's name is inscribed on the stone above its head. A long and beautifully cut inscription forms the cornerstone at the extreme left (see, also, page 210).

flashes of lightning playing round the pit wherein the God of Thunder sat.

The fact was that the statue was set with its back to the light, and, knowing that it would be difficult to photograph it, we had decided to experiment with magnesium lights after dinner. The photographs were not particularly successful, but Lawrence had triumphantly established the superhuman powers of the Hittite "jinni."

AN ANSWER TO MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER

How credulous these people are might be shown by a story concerning Haj Wahid, my cook and general factotum. It was bitter winter, and for nearly three weeks the snow had lain deep on the ground. All suffered, but the poor Haj most of all, for at mealtimes he had to trudge backward and forward between the kitchen and the living room, carrying his dishes, while the snow trickled into his loose slippers and caked on his chil-blained feet.

One day he told me that he was desperate; could stand it no longer. "If the frost does not break tonight," he said, "I shall write to God about it." I asked how the letter would be sent. "Easily enough," was the answer. "You need only running water, and here we have the whole Euphrates; it would get there in no time."

I suggested that Haj Wahid was a very lax Mohammedan and could scarcely expect an answer. "On the contrary," said he, "I never plague Allah with prayers; so when he gets my letter he will know that it is serious and will be glad to do something for my sake, as he was before."

Naturally I asked about that previous occasion, and this is the story, told in all good faith.

Haj Wahid was in the Aleppo jail, condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment for murder. He had served about two years of his sentence, and now his patience was at an end. He chafed at the injustice of his punishment, so disproportionate to an offense admitted, but, in his opinion, very



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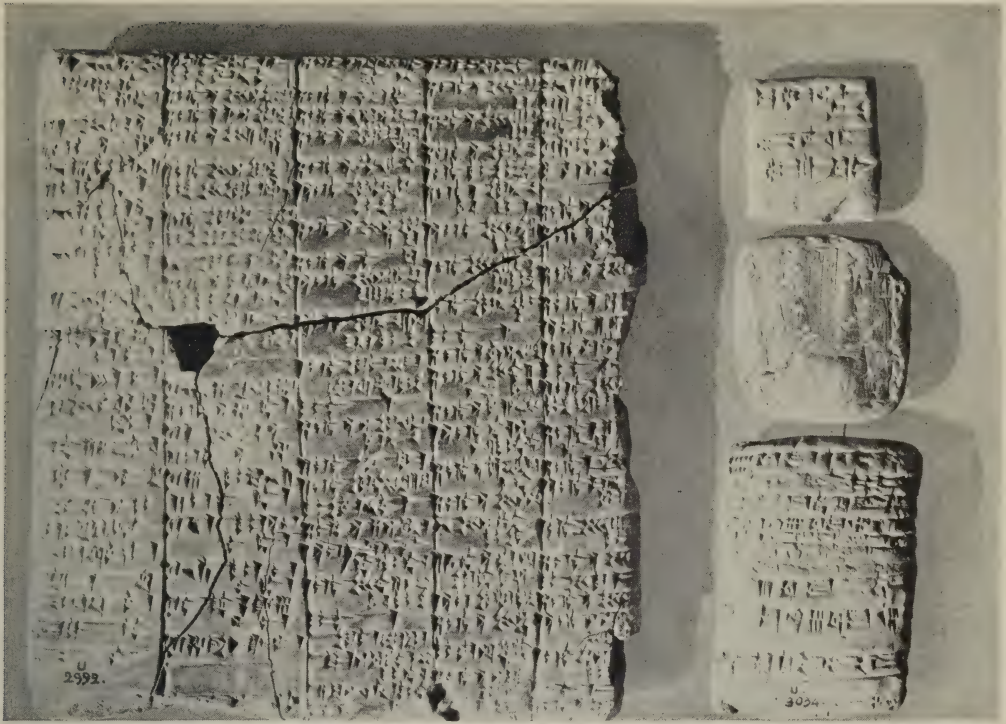
STUDYING AN INSCRIBED CLAY TABLET EXCAVATED ON THE MOUND OF UR

The clay tablets and the big, heavy "written stones," as native diggers call them, are often difficult to move. The tablets, unless well packed, may break; the inscribed wall panels are costly to ship, and it is sometimes difficult to obtain official permits for removing such antiquities from the country where found. To meet these problems, archeologists often make impressions of the ancient writings by the use of wet blotting paper, or even old newspapers soaked in water and reduced to pulp. This wet material is spread over the inscription to be copied, beaten in gently with a small wooden hammer, and then lifted off and carefully dried. Busy with his actual exploration, the scientist digging afield often has little time for laborious translation work; so, by making these paper-pulp facsimiles of his discoveries, he can send them to be deciphered by museum colleagues back home, and so carry on with the field work.

venial. The government provided no food for its prisoners, and, as his friends were growing slack in their ministrations, he was often hungry, and he was a young and active man, to whom confinement was torture. Remembering something he had once heard, he determined to write to God.

A friend who brought him food proved to be a penman and, though incredulous, undertook the task of writing from the Haj's dictation. The letter ran something like this:

"To God, the Great, the Just, the Merciful, from Haj Wahid, blessing and peace.



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

THIS LEDGER OF A WEAVING FACTORY IS MORE THAN 4,000 YEARS OLD

In the days when Ur of the Chaldees was a thriving city, the temple of Dublal-Makh operated a weaving factory as a side-line to religion. The large tablet is a month's account, giving the names of the women weavers, the amount of rations allotted to them, the quantity of wool issued to each, and the amount of cloth manufactured. The smaller tablets are receipts drawn up by the temple storekeeper and a voucher for the issuance of stores from the temple supply depot. These records date from 2200 B. C.

After my salutations, know that I have been two years in this gaol and can endure no longer; I shall go mad or I shall die; therefore of Your mercy release me, and that at once. I suffer injustice and there is no man to help me. I take refuge in the mercy of God."

Haj Wahid duly inked his thumb and set his mark at the foot of the letter; it was sealed and addressed, and on his instructions the friend carried it out and threw it into the Kuweik, the little stream that waters Aleppo.

Some three days later a police sergeant entered the prison yard and called for Haj Wahid: He was led out and taken to the room of some government official, who, after satisfying himself as to his identity, informed him that he was free. Without any further questions being asked

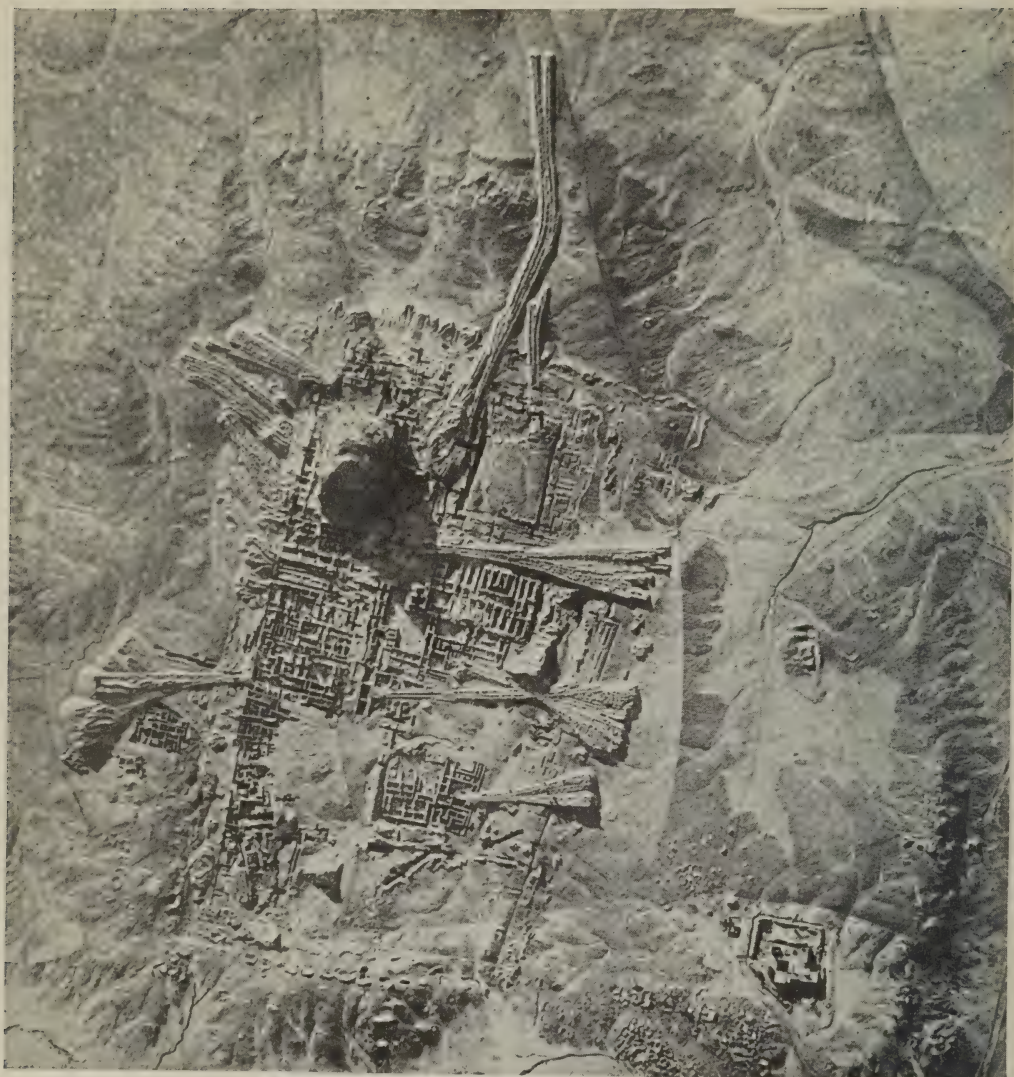
or reasons given, the prison doors were opened and the Haj walked out and went home.

Naturally he believed that his letter had worked the miracle. Since then he had not troubled Heaven, but now the cold threatened his life and he was prepared to repeat the experiment.

As it happened, however, that night the frost broke and the next morning was warm and sunny; so when the Haj brought in breakfast we chaffed him on there being no need for his letter. He winked. "God is all-knowing," said he. "The threat was enough."

EXCITEMENT RISES TO FRENZY WHEN
IMPORTANT FINDS ARE UNEARTHED

There was no lack of small objects at Carchemish, especially when we were dig-



Photograph by Wide World

UR OF THE CHALDEES, AND ITS 5,000-YEAR-OLD SKYSCRAPER, THE TEMPLE OF THE MOON GOD (SEE, ALSO, PAGE 220), SEEN FROM THE AIR

As excavation proceeds, débris is hauled away on light trams to dumps, appearing as fanlike areas outside the walls. One line (top) runs a long way to avoid dumping on unexcavated ruins. The Temenos, or holy area of Ur, as shown here, was the center of city life, and so is most interesting to the digger. Here was found one of the oldest dated stones known to archeology.

ging graves, but inside the city the finest things were the inscribed and sculptured stones which formed friezes along the base of the palace walls.*

* These were all left by us in position and made of the Carchemish ruins one of the most imposing monuments of the Near East. They survived almost without damage the war of 1914-1918, but since the Turkish reoccupation of the site, in the summer of 1920, many of them have disappeared.

It is always exciting to unearth a big piece of sculpture, but here, besides isolated blocks, there would be whole rows of slabs, usually of black basalt and white limestone alternately, one touching another all along the building's front, and excitement would rise to a frenzy as the series prolonged itself and the edge of yet another carving showed up from the loosened soil. Volleys of revolver shots would greet such a discovery, the number of

shots being in strict proportion to the importance of the stone, and the sculpture would ever afterwards be known by the name of its finder—"Muspapha's bulls," "the lion of Hassan Ibrahim"—and the pride of ownership and the credit of so many shots in his honor was for the pickman an extra incentive to good work.

HAMOUDI'S TRIUMPH

Of course, it required no skill to find a big stone; skill came in rather with the tracing of mud brick walls buried in mud brick débris, and at this work our men became wonderfully adept. From the beginning, Hamoudi specialized in this branch, while Gregori dealt with the stones, the shifting of great Roman blocks that encumbered the site, and the setting up of fallen Hittite slabs; but Hamoudi was learning all the time, and I think that the proudest moment of his life came in 1920, when the old Greek was no longer at Carchemish. I asked him if he could put up in place a stone from the South Gate.

It was not a very thick slab, but it was some fifteen feet long and seven feet high; it lay fallen in the roadway, and had to be moved for a little distance; then lifted onto the top of a low wall and aligned exactly with the wall face.

Our steel tripod and pulley had already buckled under its weight, and two stout poles, crowbars, and a rope were all the equipment available for the task; but Hamoudi said that he could do it if only I would keep away, for if watched he might grow nervous and kill some one. I gave him the eight men he asked for and retired, though not so far that I could not keep an eye on what went on.

Hamoudi used the arts the Greek had taught him; gentle leverage, now at this point, now at that; a small stone here to



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

THE GOLD DAGGER OF UR (SEE PAGE 222)

act as a pivot, a larger there; no hurry and as little force as might be, but the stone's own weight turned to account, so that it seemed to shift and lift itself. In twenty-two minutes the block was in position on the wall and the eight men sat down to smoke (see page 212). One of them, a sea lawyer and a born rebel against authority, turned to the foreman. "W'Allah!" he said. "By God, Hamoudi, to-day for the first time I do not regret Gregori."

Apart from the sculptured slabs which were the glory of the site, one of the most striking discoveries was made in a house which lay in the outer town, between the



Photograph by Wide World

FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES ABRAHAM SET FORTH TO GO INTO THE LAND OF CANAAN

The Ziggurat (the lofty pyramidal structure) of Ur of the Chaldees, dedicated to the Moon God, which dates back 3,000 years before Christ, and the excavations which are being carried on by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania, as seen from an airplane (see, also, illustration, page 218).

old earth ramparts, dating from soon after 2000 B. C., and the stone walls which had inclosed the new residential quarters, added in the prosperous days of the Late Hittite Empire, perhaps about 1000 B. C.

The cutting made for the Baghdad Railway had exposed a wall of finely trimmed limestone blocks. Starting from the edge of the cutting, we soon brought to light the ruins of a large private house, a building whose ground plan was not unlike that of a modern suburban villa, even to the detail of the front door with its roofed porch, approached by a flight of stone steps (see illustration, page 210).

THE STORY OF TWO NATIONS IS READ IN
THE ASHES OF A VILLA

It was clear from the outset that the house belonged to the last days of the city's existence, to the time when, according to the writers of the Old Testament, Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt, went up to Carchemish, which is beside Euphrates, to do battle with Nebuchadnezzar, and was defeated there in 604 B. C. As work went on inside the house, proof came in a dramatic fashion.

The floor was covered with a thick layer of ashes, and in the ashes lay hundreds of bronze arrowheads, lance-points, and fragments of broken swords. The weapons were most numerous near the doors of the rooms, and here, in the thresholds, one would find the arrowheads bent by the force with which they had struck the stone jambs or the metal binding of the doors. Evidently a desperate fight had been waged from room to room, the defenders gradually weakening, until at last the house had been fired over their heads.

Then other objects turned up to throw light upon the causes of the struggle.

First there was a clay tablet written in Assyrian and giving instructions for the collecting of taxes on various imports; it dated from shortly before 610 B. C. and witnessed the vassalage of Carchemish to the Assyrian king.

Then came bronze figures of Egyptian gods and one bronze which, though it represented Osiris, was manifestly a local copy of an Egyptian original; this could only mean the spread of Egyptian influence into Assyrian territory. A bronze ring with the cartouche of Psammetichus, the father of Necho, carried us a step further—a definite intrigue with Pharaoh

must have been going on for a generation at least before the final battle.

Then, hardened by the fire which had destroyed the papyrus roll to which they had been attached, there were clay seals impressed with the name of Necho himself, and the whole story lay before us, from when disloyalty first raised its head to the day when Pharaoh marched north to the support of the rebels, and Nebuchadnezzar, as heir to the Assyrian Empire, made good his claim by fire and sword.

One object still awaited explanation. Among the weapons were the fragments of a broken shield covered with a thin plate of bronze decorated with repoussé designs (see illustration, page 214). In the center was a Gorgon's head, and round this, in concentric circles, running animals, horses and dogs, deer and rabbits. What was remarkable was that the style was neither Egyptian nor Mesopotamian, but Greek, the work of a craftsman in some Ionian city, such as Ephesus or Smyrna. And how did this come to Carchemish?

Suddenly I remembered that Herodotus, describing Apollo's Temple at Branchidæ, near Ephesus, mentions offerings dedicated there from the spoils of Gaza, in southern Palestine, by Necho, who, like his father, made use of Ionian mercenaries in his army. The capture of Gaza took place in the campaign before the battle of Carchemish, and the shield must have belonged to one of those Greek "Free Companions," who died far from home, by the waters of Euphrates.

So in one Hittite house the Greek historian and the Hebrew prophet met together, and we could see Carchemish in its latter days, like Jerusalem, wavering between Egypt and Assyria, leaning at last upon the broken reed of the Nile, until came the crash of arms, flames licking the rafters, and the stillness of a dead city.

MIDNIGHT ROBBERY INAUGURATED THE
WORK AT UR

Compared to Carchemish, Ur has proved a peaceful enough spot, though it did not appear so at the beginning. On the second night of our first season there our camp of tents, pitched close to the old town wall, was raided.

We were unarmed. The tribal sheik had provided guards, but had sent them without rifles, hoping to bluff us into



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

WORKMEN DIGGING OUT PREHISTORIC GRAVES AT UR

In the deep hole at the extreme left the gold dagger (see illustration, page 219) was found eighteen feet below the level of the ground. During the past winter the author discovered at Ur a group of royal tombs which are remarkable not only for their contents, but for the light which they throw on Sumerian funeral customs unguessed hitherto. In one tomb were unearthed three skulls, probably those of a king and his personal attendants, and in the grave shaft were 60 bodies of the victims killed in the king's honor.

supplying them; so when, at midnight, half a dozen men from the wall mounds emptied their magazines into the tents we could do nothing.

It was humiliating to stand by and watch the robbers make their way under the canvas, yelling, "*Bug! bug!*" (Steal, steal!), and emerge with our suitcases.

It was only after they had gone that I found the attack had been more serious than I had supposed, and that one of the guards had been killed. Standing in the full moonlight, he had called out, "I know you!" and to avoid detection one of the thieves had shot him through the chest. Actually it was the stupidest thing he could have done, for the dead man was a cousin of the sheik, and therefore it became the duty of the whole tribe to avenge the murder.

Things got too hot for the robbers, who at last flung themselves on the mercy of the sheik. That astute man compounded for the murder of his kinsman according to tribal custom, receiving a goodly sum of money, and then handed the six over to the police for robbing Englishmen, an offense with which the tribal court was not competent to deal.

In the end I recovered my clothes, not much the worse for being buried three days in the sand, and Sidney Smith his gramophone, though that they had pulled apart, thinking it a money-box; and so salutary was the lesson that we have never since had any trouble.

In this part of Iraq the Arabs are too poor to have quite the independence of spirit which characterized our Carchemish gang, but they are good fellows, with a sufficient sense of dignity, intelligent, and excellent workers.

Hamoudi established his ascendancy over them from the outset, but the teaching of them was hard work. He would himself lay bare a face of mud brick and then, handing the entrenchment tool over to the head of the little working gang, would tell him to follow up the wall.

"What is a wall?"

"A wall? What is a wall? Is the man mad? A wall like this, like that of any house built with bricks. Are there not bricks? Is not this a brick, and that?"

"What is a brick?"

And the men really did not know, for living in a mat shelter or, at best, in a hovel of reeds and daub, they had never

come across bricks or proper walls, nor could they recognize the simplest thing that lay outside the narrow circle of their experience. For a long time a photograph would puzzle them completely, and they could not tell whether it represented a building or a man, so unused were they to pictures of any sort.

"HAD TO MEND MY WIFE'S TROUSERS,"

SAYS TARDY WORKMAN

Perhaps for this very reason, that the whole thing was unintelligible, they were not surprised that my wife should make the drawings of the objects. What did surprise them was that she, a woman, knew how to sew, for with them that is a man's prerogative, and I have had a late-comer to the work excuse himself with the plea that he had stopped at home to mend his wife's trousers!

A visitor one day asked two small girls who were loitering near the house whether they had ever been to school. They denied it almost indignantly, and then, as if up in arms for the credit of their sex, added with pride, "But the lady can both read and write." Not one of the men they knew could do as much.

When first we went to Carchemish the villagers there had no measure of time shorter than a day, and no measure of distance more accurate than the number of cigarettes a man might smoke while walking. I have seen a boy, confronted with the task of counting up to double figures, start on his fingers, and when those were exhausted solemnly sit down, take off his slippers, and continue the sum on his toes. At Ur they were scarcely, if at all, more sophisticated, and yet out of such had skilled diggers to be made.

For a month or more Hamoudi went to bed each night with a splitting headache, but he never lost heart or temper. He would encourage and cajole, mock and curse (but the curses always ended in laughter), drive the stupid to work till they dropped, and mark down the more teachable and spend infinite patience on their instruction. Once, when some waxed insolent, he endured it till the luncheon hour, and then challenged the strongest to a friendly wrestling bout, and in less than a minute had flung him insensible to the ground.

He would fine the slack, but they soon found out that the fines did not go into his



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

A TEMPLE KITCHEN OF ABRAHAM'S TIME

When the temple called Gig-Par-Ku was excavated at Ur this kitchen was exposed. To show how, in the long ago, its equivalent was used, Arab workmen were posed and photographed. In the foreground is a well and water tank; at the left a fireplace for boiling water; at center back the chopping block; in the background a cooking range in an inner kitchen, and at the right a man grinding corn in the ancient quern (see text below). Because the Arab at the extreme left forgot to pour water from the jug, as he had been told to do, he insisted that the picture must be taken again.

own pocket, and that no personal friendship secured a man from punishment; so they respected him the more. In a marvelously short time we had a gang of which we could be proud and which was proud of itself. "You can thank the English for this," I once heard Hamoudi tell them. "You were wild beasts, and now you are men."

Naturally, money is their first consideration, their wages and the baksheesh that luck may bring ("Allah is merciful!"), and the desire to stand well with their employers may account for some of the keenness that they show; but there is, too, a genuine interest in what they are doing.

The more intelligent will inquire about names and dates, will discuss between themselves the uses of the objects they dig up, can even recognize some of the commoner inscriptions on bricks or door sockets and identify the kings.

A gang had been told to dig down through the brickwork of the corner of a ruined building on the chance of finding a foundation deposit; they had gone below foundation level without discovering anything, and I was about to call them off when the pickman of another gang strolled up and intervened.

"Look again," he said, "for you are not quite in the right place. Three years ago I found the box with the copper statue under just such a corner as this, but I measured the distance from the two walls; it was so much and so much, and if there is a box here, too, it should be farther in than you have dug."

I remarked on his good memory. "Of course," he replied airily, "you have much to think about and cannot remember all these little things; but that is my work."

We had cleared the kitchen of the temple Gig-Par-Ku, and the whole thing, dating from the time of Abraham, was so



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

UNEARTHING THE GORGEOUS TRAPPINGS OF A PREHISTORIC QUEEN AT UR

Imbedded in hard soil were these small gold lion heads with manes of lapis lazuli and shell inlay which adorned a royal chariot.

astonishingly well preserved that we told the men to light fires in the old cooking ranges, to grind corn in the querns, cut up meat on the brick chopping block, and draw water from the well, so that we might photograph the scene almost as it was when the temple yet stood (see illustration, page 224).

The exposure had been made and the men ordered to fall out when from one of them there came a cry of dismay. His duty had been to pour water from a clay vessel into the cistern, and at the moment when the snap was taken he had not started to pour. The photograph, he protested, must be taken again. We told him that it did not greatly matter; probably the water would not show in any case; but he was not to be put off by any such specious reason; the thing ought to be correct and it was not; it would be bad work unless we repeated the photograph.

It is no use to upset ideals, and we were obliged to regroup the men and make another exposure, giving due warning, so that the water might be poured in time!

It is not often that anything in the na-

ture of a reconstruction can be got with the camera; usually such have to be worked out on paper in the drawing office. In the early days of the dig we could scarcely attempt this, because not enough was known about the architecture of ancient Sumer to warrant the restoration of buildings whereof little more than the ground plan was certain; but now evidence has accrued from all sorts of sources, and not the least engrossing part of our work is the piecing together of scattered clues and working out from them the original appearance of house or temple.

THE GRAVEYARD OF A VANISHED CIVILIZATION

To our Arabs the finished results appeal strongly; they pore over the architect's drawings, delighted to see what the city looked like in the days of Abraham, Nebi Khalil, whose father, according to their tradition, was a maker of images at Ur.

Now the temples and the houses are sorry ruins, most of them shrouded beneath mounds littered with broken bricks



Photograph by C. Leonard Woolley

BRUSHING OFF A CLAY TABLET FOUND AT UR

The archeologist is taking tablets from under the wide floor of the archive-keeper in a house in the temple of Dublal-Makh (see, also, illustration, page 217).

and shards of pottery. Only the great staged tower built by King Ur-Nammu four hundred years before Abraham was born still lifts its huge bulk sixty feet into the air and dominates this graveyard of a vanished civilization (pages 218, 220).

Our business is to call back the life that was, and already, after five seasons of work, we can do much.

It would be easy, did space allow, to describe here the great tower as it stood in its prime, with the gorgeous processions of the Moon God's priests going up and down its triple stairway and across its tree-set terraces to the jeweled sanctuary that crowned it, a not unworthy rival to the Tower of Babel which was at Babylon, the counterpart of Ur-Nammu's Ziggurat at Ur; easy to picture the great courtyard at the tower's foot, to which men brought their tithes and offerings to the god; the donkeys laden with grain sacks, with jars of oil and cheeses, droves of sheep and goats, the temple servants weighing the roped wool bales, the scribes noting all on their tablets of damp clay and handing out formal receipts to the clamoring peasants.

We could pass on to the temples, to note their architecture and to watch the ritual of their ministering priests, or to see the temple women at work in the factories, spinning thread and weaving cloth, while the overseers called the roll and issued rations to the workers; or we could describe how men lived in Abraham's time in two-storied brick houses with wooden galleries and private chapels for domestic worship.

We could go back another fifteen hundred years, to 3500 B. C., and tell of the exquisitely worked treasures in gold and silver, shell and lapis lazuli, that enrich the earliest known graves of Mesopotamia and have reorientated our ideas of the beginnings of civilization. But here I have preferred to deal less with the results of excavation than with one of its side aspects, with the characters and foibles of the Arabs who at Carchemish and Ur have done the spadework of archeology.

The story of the past which they have helped to lay bare would fill volumes; they themselves deserve at least these few pages.

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